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BATES COLLEGE

LEWISTON, MAINE

JUNE, 1905

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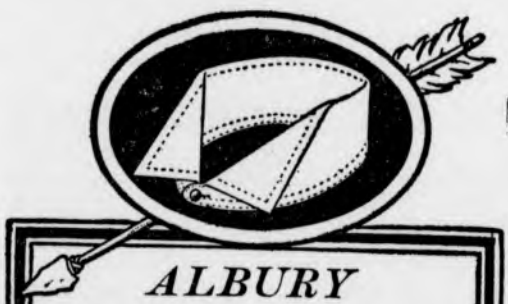

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THE STUDENT

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ARMENIA

[The writer of this article is an Armenian, and has lived in America only since the Turkish massacres seven years ago. We hope to publish in a future number a sequel to this article which shall contain some reminiscences of her life there.—ED.]

ARMENIA represents to-day one of the most ancient civilized Christian nations of the earth. Nearly three decades of centuries ago strong Aryan tribes coming from the north overran and conquered the western part of Asia, which was then inhabited by the primitive Turanian population. The conquerors called themselves "Haik" after their first king who, as the legendary history states was the son of Togarmah, great-grandson of Noah. The name Armenian was given to them later by the outside nations. As a nation they reached the height of their power about 600 B. C. and until 400 A. D. figured prominently in the wars of the Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Greeks and Romans. Until the year 1375 A.D. they were an independent nation with a glorious record of valor and renown.

Armenia of to-day lies between Caucasian Mountains on the north and the ancient Assyrian and Chaldean empire in the south; and from the Caspian Sea on the east stretches as far as the borders of Cappadocia and Phrygia on the west. This tract of land, although not very extensive, is famous for the beauty of its natural scenery. Historic Mount Ararat over twenty-eight hundred feet in height, rises from the very heart of Armenia above the line of perpetual snow. Her mighty rivers such as Tigris and Euphrates flowing through the country in their winding channels seem to sing

of the past glory and the present woes of the nation. Her fertile soil which is capable of producing all kinds of fruits and flowers, combined with a most delightful climate, make this as some one expressed it, "The modern Garden of Eden."

As we have already mentioned, Armenians belong to the Caucasian race and although they have lived among a great many different nations, their blood to-day is as pure as their ancestors'. It is also an interseting fact to note that they were the first nation to accept Christianity as their national religion. They became Christian in the third century after Christ. Since then although living among the Kurds and Turks, subjected to a great many persecutions and horrible tortures, they have remained a Christian nation. By nature they are deeply religious as their literature and history plainly show. Their glory is not in "metaphysical discussions and hair-splitting theology as in the case of the Greeks but in a brave and simple record written with the tears of saints and illuminated with the blood of martyrs."

In spite of all the obstacles placed in their way by the Turkish government, the Armenians are considered the most intelligent of all the peoples of Eastern Turkey; in fact, they are called "The Yankees of the East." That they are eager for both general and liberal education is proved by their hearty appreciation of the work of the missionaries. About fifty years ago not more than five per cent. could either read or write; to-day all the children under twelve years of age attend school, and besides the many fitting schools, three big colleges for girls and four for boys are crowded with students. To-day also there are few colleges, universities or professional schools either in England or the United States that have not Armenian students among their scholars.

Twenty-five years ago there were not more than one hundred Armenians in this country. At present there are about twenty-five thousand. This rapid increase is doubtless due to the recent cruel conduct of the Turks towards the Armenians. For centuries they have groaned under the merciless yoke of the most corrupt government that ever existed. They have suffered patiently rather than forsake

the beloved Armenia and go to strange lands. But when the Sultan himself planned out an organized system of massacres in different parts of Armenia and robbed the nation of her best citizens by putting them to death and reduced the remaining unfortunates to bitter want by burning down their homes and plundering their property, then they were obliged to leave their homeland. Is it strange that all those who could command the necessary means fled to other countries where they might find safety for their mind, body and soul? Leaving one's own country is considered a crime by the Turkish government. Many, therefore, who attempted to flee, by the special order of the government, were put in prison and subjcted to cruel treatment. Turks have many reasons for not wanting the Armenians to go away. They are afraid that refugees might stir up the European people against them. Further, their own best interest demands that the Armenians stay at home. An intelligent Turkish governor once said that if all the Armenians should suddenly emigrate or be expelled from eastern Turkey, the Moslem would necessarily follow soon, as there was not enough commercial enterprise and ability, coupled with industry, in the Moslem population, to meet the absolute needs of the people. In spite of the heavy restrictions and excessive taxes placed upon them by the Turkish government, Armenians have always been the tradesmen, bankers and business men of eastern Turkey. So naturally, the Turks want the Armenians to carry on the commerce in order to rob them of their profits.

Many have asked the question, why do the Armenian people submit to such outrages and not defend themselves and their property. For centuries they have been kept under bondage and been forbidden under severe penalties to carry or possess arms of any kind. On the other hand the government furnishes arms to the other races. Moreover, in habits and aspirations, Armenians are domestic and not military. Their early history shows that though brave to defend their country against invasions, they did not seek to conquer. Some people have the mistaken idea that the Armenians were massacred because they revolted against

the Turkish rule. Armenians have no desire of conquest or ambition to rule. Their greatest wish is to be treated justly, on equal terms with the other races and be permitted to live in peace in their beloved fatherland. Is it wrong to wish for progress and prosperity, for religious and educational freedom? This is practically all that the Armenians want, yet in vain. It has been promised to them many a time by the European powers and through their influence by the Sultan himself. As yet these promises have not matured into deeds. Sometimes there seems to be an apparent peace but it is delusive. Horrible crimes may at any moment be perpetrated. When will the Christian nations of Europe forget their selfish gains and stay the hand of this criminal before it is too late? God grant that it may be soon and that peace and freedom may rule over Armenia.

PHOEBE BOOLE, 1908.

THEIR DAUGHTER

JEAN Calvert and her father walked slowly up the long hill that led to Cousin Angela Bird's. John Calvert's face looked weary like the face of a man who has failed.

"But, Jean," he said, and the weariness showed most plainly in his voice, "we need you, your mother and I. It isn't that I don't approve of a girl's going to college, or that I grudge you the money it would cost,—I would willingly give twice that to see you happy at home. But your mother needs you," his voice softened at the mention of her name. "I can't explain it to you, but you'll see what I mean. It hurts me to refuse you, child,—anything else I would do——."

"There is nothing else I want," interrupted Jean coldly. Her heart was full of an angry pain that clamored to hurt someone. "There is nothing else I want."

They were in front of Cousin Angela's big, old-fashioned house. Mr. Calvert started to speak, but he checked himself.

"Good-by, daughter," his voice was kind,—"I'll call for you myself, if I can."

Cousin Angela Bird was going to entertain this afternoon, and Jean had come to help her, but she went up the broad steps, and into the old-fashioned sitting-room with anything but a feeling of hospitality and a willingness to help Cousin Angela's guests enjoy themselves. She was not having an enjoyable time herself.

Her father didn't understand, how could he? she thought, as she waited for Cousin Angela. Nobody had ever told him that his gift of writing was above the ordinary, and that,—with a college training, who could tell? Of course, mamma was a little frail, but how could she possibly need her, Jean, with two girls to do all the work, and Cousin Angela so near? She was sure that her mother would not refuse her request if only she might tell her about it, but this her father forbade. "Let her think you stay willingly," he commanded, and Jean, awed by his unusual sternness, obeyed. Oh, but she did so want to go. To have her little stories criticized, appreciated, and her talent developed into,—Genius.

Before she left home this afternoon Jean had resolved that she would never speak of the matter to her father, after this once,—and he had refused her. She realized, now, how much she had depended on this last chance.

Her cheeks burned hotly as Cousin Angela came into the room. She was a brisk, happy little person, who always referred to herself as Angela Bird, Spinster.

"H'ye do, my dear," she cried cheerfully. "You're looking very well." And indeed, Jean Calvert, discontented and angry, was still a very lovely girl. She was graceful, as are all the Calverts, with the peculiar soft pallor that belongs to Southern girls. Her hair, a chestnut mass, was neither Calvert nor Southern, just Jean.

Miss Bird's guests came in soon, and she had no time to ask any questions. To Jean's sensitiveness each kindly "Good afternoon, Jean," resolved itself into a malignant "You can't go, Jean," "You can't go, Jean."

Years afterward she remembered that afternoon at Cousin Angela's with laughter, but it was years after.

The cheerful chatter and gossip of Miss Angela's friends came harshly to Jean's ears. Oh, how could they care about tatting and solid embroidery, when she—Jean Calvert, the most talented girl in her class, could not go to college.

Their needing her was absurd, so selfish. Her mother never said anything about needing anyone; and as for her father, when he was at home he was reading all the time,—Trade Journals, probably. And she who had, really had, literary talent, might not have a chance to use it. Oh, it was too bad.

Her eyes filled slowly with tears of self-pity, and Miss Bird who was eying her cousin's daughter sharply, sewed faster and faster.

"Just as I thought," she said to herself, "John has told her his decision, and she is taking it hard. Poor child." "Jean," she called, "run out and see if Hannah needs you, there's a good child." Jean went out gratefully. Cousin Angela understood, and cared.

"Oh, no, Miss Jean," Hannah replied to her listless offer of help, "there ain't nothing to do, unless maybe you'd go to the linen closet, and hunt up the other napkins to this set," she held up one—"it's gone, and Miss Angela,—" but Jean had started.

The large fragrant linen-press lay between Miss Angela's best room and the dining-room. Jean had just taken down a large white pile to search for the missing napkin when out of the hum of voices in the next room, there was a sudden silence, and then the sound of her own name. She listened a moment, with the intention of repeating their remarks to them later as a joke.

It was Miss Abbott who was speaking. "It's too bad about Jean," she declared. I understand John isn't going to let her go to college. I don't know as I blame him, for it does seem as if she might be willing—"

Miss Angela's crisp tones broke in, "You stop right there, Luella Abbott," she commanded, "Jean Calvert is a beautiful girl, a *beautiful* girl."

She paused challengingly.

"Jean Calvert comes of good stock,—the best there is in Maryland. The Birds and the Calverts ask no pity of anyone. But she's thoughtless, Jean is,—young and thoughtless, and John is too wrapped up in her to know how silly and selfish she is."

The girl in the linen-closet sat down weakly. Was this a bad dream, or was it really she, Jean Calvert, of whom Cousin Angela was speaking?

The crisp tones went on. It was a company of lifelong friends and Miss Bird was evidently bent on unburdening her heart.

"Of course she can write a little, she couldn't very well help it, being her father's child. I don't suppose there's a more able man in this state. He was writing for those German reviews, when he was in the University. He's too deep for me," Miss Bird's voice was frank—"I can't understand him, that is, in German, still I don't know much about German, anyway. But I've heard my father tell how John Calvert was offered a chair at the University, and declined it, rather than take Esther away. And now here's this little daughter of his must needs take her milk-and-water essays on George Washington off to a college to be criticized, with a father like John Calvert, mind you, at home."

Miss Bird paused for breath. Jean strained her ears shamelessly.

"It's John's fault. He doesn't say anything about it, and Jean doesn't guess. I know he ventured to remonstrate with her about the affectation in her graduation essay—the material was good,—and she replied that she was quite satisfied with it, and the construction was English, so John Calvert went and patiently heard his daughter read it as it was.

"Construction English, indeed! The little chit! And I don't suppose there's a more complete master of simple English to be found."

Miss Bird paused again, then she went on relentlessly.

"And there's Cousin Esther. She's the real reason why John doesn't give in to Jean. He doesn't want her mother

to suspect that Jean wants to go away. Think of that. Ever since John Calvert married Esther Bird he's kept every unkind breath of Heaven away from her. If there's a man that lives—a great, strong man like John Calvert—but so tender—" her voice caught, and she laughed angrily.

"And yet that child Jean goes around prating about 'understanding people' and 'bonds of sympathy.' If she'd just sit down at home, and see the beautiful care that John Calvert takes of Esther Bird—how he understands every wish before it is spoken and how beautifully she loves him—Oh, dear, if Jean would only be a girl. She's pretty enough, and well she should be, for her mother was a beauty, too. They want a comrade. I do believe if Jean should dress up in some of those beautiful frocks of hers, and ask her mother for a party, Esther would die of joy. They're hospitable people; they love to entertain, but Jean so seldom finds a kindred spirit among John's friends, and Esther can't do it alone; she never was very self-reliant, and she needs Jean.

"Esther has lots and lots of the most beautiful cut glass and silver to open when Jean cares to take hold, and enjoy it; she can't trust it to either of those girls. But there you are. Jean's intellectual, *odd*. You say anything like that to Esther, and she just smiles in that happy child-like way, and says, 'Wait.' Well, well, I don't know; now I suppose Jean'll just sit down, and look resigned, because John won't let her go to college."

There was a heavy silence as Miss Angela stopped, breathless. The ladies sewed with unwonted haste, and Miss Bird, looking at them keenly detected carefully concealed smiles. Her own mouth expanded into a broad smile.

"Well, there, Luella Abbott," she apologized,—"I suppose I did say more than you ever thought of saying, but there, Jean is a beautiful girl, and she comes of gallant stock. She comes of gallant stock, Luella Abbott."

Jean crept out into the kitchen, and handed the sample napkin back to Hannah.

"I couldn't find it," she said.

Hannah looked up, quickly.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Jean?" she cried. "You're as white as a ghost. Be you sick, Miss Jean?"

"I don't feel very well. I guess I'll go home," Jean's voice sounded odd and constrained in her own ears. "Won't you tell Cousin Angela I wasn't well, Hannah?"

She put her coat on somehow, and went down the long hill home. At her mother's door she paused a moment on her way up.

"I don't feel very well, mamma, so I didn't stay at Cousin Angela's. No, I don't want anything, and I think I'll go right to bed, and sleep it off."

Late that night Jean stayed on the floor, by the little square window, and remembered things. Her pain was very real, but she faced the situation bravely. Cousin Angela's "She comes of gallant stock," reassured her. All that—what Cousin Angela had said—should have been told her before, but she had learned it now, and she met it fearlessly. The simplicity of her father's reason, "Your mother needs you," came back to her. Impatiently she had thought that he repeated it unnecessarily. Her face burned at the remembrance. She had supposed it to be through a lack of language, now the gentle finality and love of that argument grew clear to her. It was, indeed, his only argument, to him a sufficient one. "Your mother needs you, Jean."

Counsin Angela's "They want to make a comrade of her," repeated itself insistently. The thought was a new one. She had regarded them so long as a sort of perpetual Santa Claus, to minister to her wants, to "understand her"—she spoke the word aloud, in utter self-contempt—"to love, to appreciate her, their only daughter!" She had taken it as a matter of course, along with her bread and butter; but for all the sympathy and understanding she had given back, they might as well have bestowed their bounty on Anne Clason, across the street.

"Her little milk and water essays on George Washington!" She laid her cheek against the cool pane. And she had told her father, her *father,* who was a master of style, that the "construction was English"—she laughed.

In a flash she remembered how Judge Richardson, a classmate of her father's at the University, had congratulated him, with a smile, on the *loftiness* of his daughter's essay, and how her father had flushed—with pleasure, she had supposed.

"Probably he was ashamed of me," she told herself, with a bitter smile. "Oh, I hope he was."

In her awakening Jean saw many things in their right proportions. The bundle of essays in her little desk seemed suddenly meaningless; and the pile of foreign reviews on her father's table shamed yet gladdened her. And she had called them Trade Journals!

At the thought of the cut glass and silver Esther Calvert was saving for her daughter to enjoy with her, Jean's eyes filled. And her pretty, pretty frocks! Her mother so loved to see her wear soft, swishy things; and she had gone around in her plain shirt-waist and skirt, because she thought it looked more literary. Jean choked on a little angry sob.

The moon came up, clear and golden, and barred the rows of maples in weird, white beams. And in its light, Jean Calvert, remembering, gave up forever and gladly, her beloved college.

It was one of Esther's desires to have their breakfast served on the wide vine-covered veranda that ran around the house. She and her husband sat there the next morning after Jean's sudden return from Miss Angela's party.

John Calvert's face was anxious. Was Jean ill? All through the night he had wondered if, after all, he had a right to hold the child back. Her little ambitions seeemed absurd, to be sure, yet—. If it were only not for the child's mother.

"Esther," he said sharply, the sharpness of anxiety, "What is the matter with Jean?"

Jean's mother smiled tenderly. Esther Bird's intuition often awed her husband, it semed a sixth sense.

"I think Jean isn't happy, John, I think she would like to go to college."

Jean's father leaned forward, "Did she?—"

"O, no," Esther interrupted him, "she didn't come to me, but I'm her mother, and I know."

Suddenly she broke into a whimsical little laugh.

"O, I do so wish that Jean would be just a girl," she cried. "But if it's college she wants, John, we must let her go."

Some one in a crisp white gown came gayly up the gravelled pathway. Mrs. Calvert's eyes had brightened. "Anne's coming," she announced. "I wish Jean wore white things like that."

John Calvert was looking steadily down the path.

"It *is* Jean," he declared.

"Oh," began Mrs. Calvert, but Jean, a beautiful white Jean, with an armful of white roses, interrupted her.

"Good-morning, good people," she called to them, "Am I late? O, I am." She crossed her hands before her in quaint imitation of a penitent child.

"Please, can Jean have some breakfast?"

Esther Calvert laughed happily. Simply and without question, she entered into her own.

"Of course you can, daughter," she answered merrily. "Tell us where you have been."

"Well, I will," replied Jean, "as soon as I finish this muffin. I tell you, I'm very hungry, because I've been way up to Cousin Angela's this morning, and I brought you back some roses." She smiled at them over the flowers.

"Up to Cousin Angela's?" repeated her mother wonderingly. "Why, what for, Jean?"

Jean's lips quivered into a little smile.

"What for?" she said. "O, I don't know, mamma. I guess I went to tell her I'm all well again."

She laughed again, softly, and again Esther Calvert, who took her joys unquestioningly, laughed with her. Already they understood each other, these two.

Perhaps fathers are slower. They must be, for John Calvert's mouth was hard. "It's only another kind of attack," he thought, bitterly, "Poor Esther."

He rose quickly. "Well, good-by," he said, "I've got to go to the office." His voice was a little harsh.

But with her unfailing intuition, Esther understood, and pitied. And Jean, the new Jean, Esther Calvert's daughter, understood, too.

"Good-by, dad," she cried after him, "Come back early, mamma and I will have something to show you."

In that long summer day Esther Calvert learned to know her daughter Jean. Long after the afternoon at Cousin Angela's had become a shadow to smile at, this day stood out most clearly of all.

Esther Calvert asked no questions, and Jean told her nothing. But by the one impulse of the finest kinship, they knew the vail of misunderstanding was rent, and they stood face to face, Esther Calvert and her daughter Jean.

John Calvert went home wearily. He had met Cousin Angela Bird and she had stopped him peremptorily.

"Jean Calvert was up to my house this morning," she told him, brusquely. "Bless the child."

Jean's father wondered. "She must have told Angela how disappointed she is, and Angela is sorry for her," he thought. "We shall have to let her go," he squared his shoulders. "If she only hadn't taken that way to get it," he thought, "it isn't like a Calvert."

As he passed the long window, he saw two figures standing under the chandelier, laughing merrily over a little manuscript. They were both dressed in soft white gowns, and John Calvert paused for a minute doubtfully. His mind went back twenty years to Esther Bird, straight and slender; here was Esther Calvert, his wife, and another Esther Bird beside her. They were alike, as the bud and blossom are alike. "It isn't right to take her away," protested Jean's father, hotly.

Jean was slipping something into the pile of reviews on his desk, and Esther was embroidering, and singing softly to herself, when he came into the room.

Esther looked up, and saw him first, and at the sight of her face, he could not speak. It was radiant with content. Her husband realized with a pang, that all his love and care had never brought that look of utter content to his wife's face. For, above all else, she was Jean Calvert's mother.

His heart grew bitter against the girl, deeply as he loved her, to whom this was only another means to an end.

After supper, Angela Bird came in. Jean was playing softly on the old piano, and Esther and her cousin chatted on the veranda outside.

Esther's happy low voice drifted in, and mingled with Jean's soft playing. "We unpacked all the glass I had put away. O, Angela, it was such fun, you can't guess, and Jean was so pleased. Then we tried on Jean's new blue gown—"

Her voice sank into a murmur full of matronly pride, "Jean is very pretty, don't you think so, Angela? Her father——"

John Calvert's rare laugh rang out heartily, and both women smiled in sympathy. A pile of manuscript lay on the reviews, together with a little note.

"Dear Dad:" it said, "I guess the construction is English in one or two places, but this page is Choctaw. Will you fix it?"

Jean.

John laughed again, unwillingly.

"Who told you, Jean?" he asked her, humorously.

Jean looked up from the piano, "A little Bird," she answered saucily.

Cousin Angela, her ears prinked to hear, smiled appreciatively.

Presently Miss Bird said "Good night," and Esther came in to her husband and daughter. He still worked at his desk, but the laughter occasioned by Jean's straight-forward little note had faded from his face, and left it tired and wistful.

Why did she want to go away, and leave them? he asked himself. But if she must, how could she be cruel enough to give them this glimpse of herself, to show them all her going would mean! He moved wearily, and Jean looked up from the piano. Presently she went and sat down in a little low chair by her father.

"I want something, Dad," she said, gravely.

John Calvert looked furtively at his wife. But Esther's face was sweet and undisturbed.

He turned to his daughter. "I will answer you before you ask it, Jean."

Jean looked at him wonderingly.

"We have decided—your mother and I, that you must do as you think best, and if you wish to go to college——"

A light broke over Jean's face. Now it was offered her, the desire of her heart, could she refuse? Cousin Angela's words came back to her swiftly, "She comes of gallant stock, Jean does."

Jean Calvert threw back her head.

"O, it isn't that, Dad!" She interrupted him with a little sob, born of the moment's struggle, "O, it isn't that, Dad. Truly I don't want to go away from you two. I only wanted to ask you, please, Dad, will you give me a party?"

For a moment her father's eyes looked mistily into the grey ones so like them. But John Calvert hated scenes.

"I'm glad you're not going, Jean," he said unsteadily, "We should miss you—your mother and I—and of course you can have your party. Now don't you want to run through this Choctaw page of yours?"

And Esther Bird, who was Jean's mother, looked happily out into the shadows, and planned for Jean's party.

SAVONAROLA

TOWARD the close of the fiftenth century, Florence, the queen of cities, under the absolute sway of the magnificent Lorenzo de Medici, had reached the height of her glory. She was the most beautiful, the most resplendent of all Italian cities. From her came the intellectual light of Italy. She was the "cradle of the renaissance."

Yet beneath all this dazzling splendor, Florence, the most cultured, the most magnificent of towns, was reeking with untold vice and crime. She was a pleasure-loving city—luxurious and dissolute. Truth and honor were dead. No man could be trusted. Fraud and decit were pre-eminent.

Amid this scene of violence and corruption stands a unique figure—a champion of truth and justice—a man of unassailable honesty and purity. In three chapters may be told the brief but brilliant career of Savonarola, son of Ferrara, prophet of Florence.

We first behold him a youth just outside the city gates, wandering by the green banks of the Po. Tears are in those great eyes. His soul is filled to over-flowing with infinite pity for the sorrows of humanity. His young heart is bursting with righteous wrath at the enormous wickedness of the people. Filled with abhorrence for hypocrisy, weary of the wrongs which he cannot right, he seeks refuge behind the cloister walls.

The scene changes. We find ourselves in the gloom of the dimly lighted cathedral of Florence. The church is thronged. Throughout the vast area men and women sit with faces upturned in eager anticipation. In the sacred desk stands a Dominican Friar, covered from head to foot with a black mantle. His cowl is pushed back, partially revealing his face, alight as from an inward flame. But listen!

A cardinal's hat has been offered him if he will but cease his prophesying. From the pulpit rings out his scornful rejection: "No other red hat will I have save the crown of martyrdom colored with my own blood." With a voice of thunder he pronounces a thousand woes against the wicked. He denounces with rare boldness the vices of the clergy, sparing neither Pope nor Cardinal. Now with an accent of triumphant assurance he cries: "Repent! for the day of vengeance is at hand." Now with a voice of passionate entreaty, he calls upon God to pardon and save.

Not alone as a religious reformer does Savonarola stand forth. He is a political dictator as well. His dream of freeing Florence from her tyranny more and more takes possession of him. Amid all that is vile and corrupt the people know of but one man whom they can trust. He is fearless. He calls things by their right names and deals in no polite paraphrases. He pronounces his anathemas against the sin, the strife, the violence which is weakenlng

and degrading the city. Encouraged and inspired by his leadership Florence becomes changed. The streets resound with hymns of praise. The drunken debauch, the wild revelry is abandoned. At a word from their leader the people are ready to fast. If he rebukes, they tremble. If he but stretches out his hands to bless them, they fall on their faces in silent adoration. Surely the millenium is at hand. Loud are the praises of Savonarola—the orator, the political leader, the supreme dictator of Florence.

Once more the scene is changed. We are in the great public square at Florence. A dark moving throng of blood-thirsty men fill the piazza. From the windows, the balconies and even from the roofs of houses eager, expectant faces are looking down.

On the scaffold yonder rises a gibbet built in the form of a cross. From its arms three halters and three chains are suspended. Fuel already for the torch is piled high at the foot of the stake. The mob is growing impatient. On every hand is heard the jeers and curses of that enraged people. A few of the bolder ones have pushed their way close to the gibbet and with fierce joy await the coming of the victim. Savonarola appears. At sight of him, indecent cries, insults and blasphemies fill the air.

Can it be that this people who but yesterday were shouting their hosannas, to-day are thirsting for the blood of their prophet!

Devoutly and bravely he ascends the scaffold. Reaching the top of the ladder he pauses as he looks at the angry mob, clamoring for his death.

From those eyes accustomed to blaze as with lightning, now shines a tender pity almost divine. Curses are hushed; blasphemies die on the lips; insults are left unsaid. Quickly he bends his head to the executioner. An intense silence prevails. One moment more! The tragedy is ended. The voice of the Florentine prophet has passed into eternal silence.

So died Savonarola—the reformer, the statesman, the martyr!

Not because of any *evil* that he had done, not for evil

that he wished to do, but because he was an enemy to the Pope.

Not a semblance of political crime had stained his career. Not a blemish had been detected on his private character. Through honor and dishonor, through obscurity and fame, he labored always for the highest ends—the moral welfare of mankind. *To-day* his portrait hangs in the chambers of popes; his statue stands beside that of Luther at Worms. By his own Florentines he was honored, condemned, executed, but is to this day, venerated.

He was a good and a great man—a man perfect in his motives, grand in all his aims, from that day in his early youth, when he fled to the cloister, to the day when as the poet has rightly said: "Savonarola's soul went out in fire."

MABELLE HOLMES, '05.

EDITORIAL

THIS is the busiest time of the school year. Opportunities press thick upon us, and such opportunities! At one moment, tennis seems the occupation of life; at another time, diligence appears a goddess to worship. Every pulse within us beats eagerly for the pursuit of something. Sluggishness comes not yet upon us.

In this season of lively interest we do well to polish up our sense of appreciation. The close of a school year we gladly consecrate to a joyful thanksgiving. The blessings we possess we strive to insure, those we see others possess we seek to attain.

A good whose power has yet to be measured, is friendship. What better can you say of a man than that he has many friends? College life offers many chances to gain friends. The objective point is real friendship. A member of last year's graduating class, on visiting Bates after only a few months' business life, urged every college man and woman to make *many* friends. He said, "You will need many friends. Don't let your classmates be merely acquaintances. Make them your friends."

To the class that is leaving the campus, parting means infinitely more than to Freshmen. Yet to the least sensitive among us, the word "Good-bye" suggests sadness. When we close the year, we wish for some whose farewells may ring more sincerely, whose faces may tell plainly the good wishes their lips refrain from uttering. It is at such times as this that we value the real friend; and, equally sincerely, we try to be a real friend to others. In the joy of abundant friendship or in the pain of its absence, we can but say,

"Oh, let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man!"

ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL

This is a continuation of our last month's athletic report, a tale of woe. We have been very near to winning about every game and thereby the State championship. Yet we are now so far down that a telescope won't bring that championship any nearer. Our hard luck is not due to lack of work or of interest. It seems to be just plain "hard luck." However, the Bates spirit of never give up is still alive, and gives us hope for next spring. We shall have many men left to play again then, and we hope that the fates have satisfied their vengeful spirit, and are planning to move to some other college for a year's residence.

Supplement, written later:

The weather clearing—Fortune smiling warm upon those she was wont to spurn! One to nothing,—from Colby, too! What a finish to the finish! The eleventh inning is the time to score! The old Bates spirit at the last grasped her banner of garnet and shook it aloft to tell the world the old flag is never down!

The scores of all the season's games are given here:

GAMES PLAYED.

	Bates.	Opponents.
Hebron	11	3
Phillips Andover	8	9
Harvard	1	12
Tufts	3	5
Brown	1	2
Bowdoin	3	6
U. of M.	1	0
U. of M.	4	5
Tufts	4	6
Bowdoin	2	7
Bowdoin	5	10
Colby	2	3
Pine Tree State Athletic Association	1	3
Colby	1	0

TENNIS

The Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was scheduled to come off on the Bates courts, beginning May 16, 1905. Owing to rain, playing did not begin, however, till Friday, the 19th. The first matches were those involving the two Bates teams in doubles. Doe and Spooner of Bates lost to Jones and Bryant of Colby (6-3), (2-6), (2-6). At the same time, on the next court, Austin and Jordan of Bates lost to Stevens and Palmer of Colby. But in the first round of singles Bates fared better, Doe beating Owen of Maine (3-6), (6-1), (6-1), and Austin beating Tabor of Maine (6-4), (3-6), (8-6).

In the final match in doubles, Stevens and Palmer of Colby beat Tabor and McClure of Maine (7-5), (3-6), (2-6) (6-3), (6-1). In the semi-finals of singles one Bates man, Austin, lost, but Doe won from Jones of Colby. So Bates had a man in the finals, entitled to the tennis B, and arousing hopes for the championship and the cup. In the afternoon of the 22d, the natural grandstand back of the courts seated a large crowd of Bates supporters. And they were not disappointed. Doe was playing his prettiest, cool, heady and brilliant. He won from Stevens of Colby in three straight sets, (6-2), (6-3), (6-3).

For the first time in the life of the present association, Bates has earned the right to one of the cups.

On Thursday evening, the 18th, the tennis representatives from the other colleges, and the Bates athletic men, were entertained by the young ladies of the college in the reception hall of the new dormitory. The following program was given:

Selection.	Mandolin Club.
Piano Duet.	Misses Lamb and Quinby.
Vocal Solo.	Miss Weston.
Selection.	Mandolin Club.
Violin Solo.	Miss Bartlett.
Vocal Solo.	Mr. Schumacher.
Selection.	Mandolin Club.

This was followed by division into chafing dish groups. All pronounced it a most enjoyable evening.

THE DEBATES

May 26, our debating team, Holman, '05, James, '06, and Merrill, '06, debated against the University of Vermont, on the question of expansion, our team supporting the affirmative. The judges gave the decision to Vermont. Before they returned, we wondered why. After the report of Mr. McNeil, who coached the team, we knew all about it. At the last moment, Vermont succeeded in getting a board of judges, whose ability in their respective professions we do not question, but whose ability to judge a debate, especially on this subject, may well be doubted. Moreover, these men, obtained at the last minute, were local men, whose sympathies were with Vermont, if anywhere. Mr. MeNeil gave a full report of the line of argument and the rebuttal of Vermont, and showed clearly the weakness of their case. He said that there is a great number of very strong points on the negative, but Vermont either neglected them, or was ignorant of them. Some of the rebuttal was absurd. To a casual statement of Bates that "already American-built cars whizz through the streets" of a certain city, Vermont replied, "Let 'em whizz."

Interest in debating at University of Vermont is not at high tide just now. Mr. McNeil said he should not like to exaggerate the number present, but he felt safe in saying there were probably seventy-five people in the audience. Of these probably fifteen were students of the University of Vermont, which has several hundred students.

It was well said that "they are very guileless people up there." One of the Vermont team wandered into the hotel and "guilelessly" asked our team for their speeches to take to the office of a local paper which wished to print them. He assured them that "he would take no unfair advantage" of this concession. It must have hurt his feelings greatly to have our men politely refuse his request. Guileless! Verily, this is innocence abroad.

But to return. We are proud of our men for the work they did. The work of Mr. Holman, '05, was especially commended. But all worked hard and faithfully, and

deserve as much honor as though the decision, as well as the honor, were ours.

A team from the University of Maine, composed of Messrs. Dinsmore, Rounds and Davis, came down from Orono, June 2, prepared to "do or die." City Hall was well filled, when the two teams came onto the stage. Nearly every member of Bates College and the faculty were present, to cheer our team, made up by Redden, Jordan and Austin, all of '06, on to victory. And on they went, straight to victory, despite the fact that Maine, having "brought all their knowledge in their heads" would not allow the Bates team to use books for reference during the debate.

The audience, and especially the college people, loudly applauded every man, both before and after his speech, whether from Bates or from U. of M. But there was a perceptible increase in the applause for Bates men. The reception accorded the two teams must have been very different from that accorded the teams at University of Vermont. Bates takes pride in its debaters, and is behind them every time.

In the debate, Bates showed great superiority in form and delivery. Every point was stated, proved, and again stated. Summaries were frequent, and at the very end Austin again summed up the case from beginning to end, with telling effect. It was evident that Maine had sent down a team worthy of meeting, but her men showed lack of sufficient training. Maine evidently did not realize what scientific argumentation means. Her team with the training and thorough knowledge of the subject which the Bates men had, would have made a grand fight for the victory. As it was, we admit they did well.

The judges, after being out a few minutes, came in and announced that although they appreciated the weight of the arguments of the University of Maine, they had unanimously decided to give the decision to Bates.

And now "credit to whom credit is due." To the members of both teams we give credit for an immense amount of faithful work. But great credit is due to those who coached the teams,—Professor Hartshorn and Mr. McNeil.

Without the untiring efforts of these men, our teams could never have made the showing they did make. Night and day the coaches worked with our men, holding conferences at all hours, and sacrificing valuable time to the interest of the debating teams of old Bates.

To the alternates, also, credit is due. With the team which debated Vermont, Cooper, '05, and Wiggin, '06, worked faithfully, looking up material and debating against the team, that they might see wherein they were weak. Just as faithfully, and in like manner, the team which debated University of Maine was assisted by Salley and Bonney, both of '06. In the reports of debates, nothing is heard of these men, who work long hours knowing that they will get little honor from the outside world for their work. Yet much is due them, and we would place credit where credit is due.

ALUMNI

'68.—President Chase delivered the anniversary sermon before the graduating class of Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me.

'78.—F. H. Briggs of Auburn recently contributed to the *Lewiston Journal* an interesting article on the Breeding Industry of Maine. Mr. Briggs is an acknowledged authority on horse breeding.

'79.—The death of Fletcher Howard occurred at Nordrach Ranche, Colorado Springs, from tuberculosis, on March 3, 1905, after a battle of nine months with the fatal enemy. Mr. Howard's home was at Des Moines, Iowa, where he was Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Pharmacy of the state of Iowa, a position he had held for a number of years, and through several changes of party administration. He was buried at Des Moines, the funeral being conducted by the local Consistory of the Masonic body. He had held many important offices in this Fraternity and in 1903 was honored by election to the 33d Degree, the highest in the gift of this honorable body. Mr. Howard had no children but he is survived by his wife. This is the third known death in this class of seventeen members, Simon C. Mosely dying in 1882, and Thomas J. Bollin in 1897. Trace of one member has been entirely lost.

'79.—Hon. W. E. Ranger delivered an address June 12th before the American Institute of Instruction at Portland, Me., on "The Conservation of Rural School Education." Mr. Ranger has resigned his position as State Superintendent of Education in Vermont, to accept a position as Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island.

'81.—H. P. Folsom has recently presented to the College Library four interesting and valuable books.

'82.—Judge S. A. Lowell of Portland, Oregon, a member of the Supreme Court of Oregon, was appointed one of the commissioners on the Lewis & Clark Exposition.

'85.—Dr. W. V. Whitmore and Dr. J. W. Lennox of Tucson, Arizona, are fitting up new offices. Dr. Whitmore has loaned his extensive mineral collection to the Chamber of Commerce. Governor Kibbey recently appointed Dr. Whitmore a member of the Territorial Board of Medical Examiners.

'88.—Principal W. L. Powers of the Gardiner High School recently gave a talk at a meeting of teachers of the Rumford-Mexico district, on ornithology, a subject on which he is an authority.

'96.—Friends of Dr. R. L. Thompson were glad to meet him here last week. He has been at the head of a department of pathology in St. Louis University. When here, he was about to start for Berlin, where he will study for some time.

'96.—L. D. Tibbetts will be graduated from Cobb Divinity School this month. Mr. Tibbetts is pastor of a church in Lisbon.

'96 and '97.—O. C. Boothby, '96, and Richard B. Stanley, '97, attorneys-at-law, have moved their office to 906 Monks Building, 35 Congress Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 1180.

'98.—Miss Persie Louise Morrison has returned from Hamburg, Germany, after a year of study abroad. She has been at Hanover most of the time, but during the last month of her stay, visited Berlin, the Hartz Mountain, Dresden, Cologne, and several other places.

'98.—A son, Bernard, was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. F. U. Landman of Pittsfield, Me. Mr. Landman is principal of M. C. I. at Pittsfield.

'98.—O. H. Toothaker is chairman of the School Committee of Berlin, N. H. He is proprietor and editor of the *Berlin Reporter*.

'99.—O. C. Merrill has just graduated from the course in Hydraulic Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is to be employed this summer by the U. S. Government on the Topographic Survey of the Adirondacks.

'99.—Rev. A. B. Hyde, and wife, formerly Edith Marrow, of Danville, N. H., were in Auburn recently to bury their infant daughter, who died this spring.

'99.—Miss Marion S. Coan, who is teaching in New York City, will spend the summer at her home in Auburn.

'01.—Mr. Roys and wife, Alice Cartland Roys, both of '01, sail with Mrs. Roys' father and brother Phil, from Montreal June 29, to spend the summer in Europe. This is Mr. Roys' second trip.

'02.—Erastus L. Wall has been chosen as one of the Commencement speakers representing the graduating class this spring at the University of Maine.

'03.—Trufant and Sawyer, of '03, are in the Medical School at McGill University, Ontario. Both have taken high places in their class.

'03.—Willard K. Bacheller arrived in Maine May 22d. He has been teaching near Iloilo, P. I., four years, and expects to return in August as supervising teacher. During his stay his salary has been increased several time. He ha had excellent success.

'04.—A. K. Spofford will give a course of lectures in the History of Education in the Plymouth (N. H.) Normal Summer Institute this summer.

LOCALS

"They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill repute while you live."

IN MEMORIAM

(Of Exam. Days.)

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have plugged and flunked,
Than never to have plugged at all. 1906.

The Juniors have been rehearsing for Ivy Day.

Miss Davis, '06, has been out teaching as substitute at Newcastle for a few days.

J. S. (Tom) Reed, '05, has accepted a position teaching in a college at Honolulu.

The Freshmen have chosen the subjects for their Sophomore Debates next winter.

The Junior parts were read June 12th, before Professors Hartshorn, Robinson, and Purinton.

In the Junior "Dope" Tennis Tournament, Lewis and Dwinal won out, thus winning the championship of the Junior class.

A notice recently appeared on one of the bulletin boards with the word "Hathon" thereon. Anyone know where or what that is?

Professor A. N. Leonard and Percy H. Blake, '05, attended the annual Bummel of the Bowdoin Deutscher Verein, as representatives of the Bates Verein.

The Sophomores have learned that condensers are used to prevent sparking, and that it would be well to place a few around the campus. Why not concentrate them on the banks of the tennis courts back of Parker Hall?

Many students have already left college to take up their summer work. Among them are Redden, Austin, Thurston and Bradley, '06. Bradley will attend Queens University Medical School next year. Sorry to lose you, Ross.

The ladies of the college have instituted a new custom that of holding "at homes" at Rand Hall every Thursday evening from eight to nine. These affairs have proved to be exceedingly pleasant, and we all thank the ladies very much.

The Student Conference at Northfield will open June 30, and continue through Sunday, July 9. Men who have attended these conferences say they had one of the best times of their life. Bates this year will be represented by eight or ten men.

Professor Lavell recently gave the Junior German Class an interesting talk on the island of Capri. His description of his experience at the Blue Grotto, and of the grotto itself were very interesting. Dr. Lavell is rapidly becoming popular as a lecturer here.

The Juniors elected Wayne Jordan to deliver the Presentation on Ivy Day in place of "Scotty" Austin, who had to leave college early to take up his summer work; and Merritt Gregg to act as Chaplain for Ivy Day, vice Redden, also obliged to leave for his summer work.

Owing to the efforts of Prof. Bolster, the Physiology course is being enlarged, and is rapidly becoming one of the most valuable courses in college. He has made the course practical by use of the laboratory method, and has added considerable apparatus to the laboratory.

The "class ride fever" has passed over this college and left in its trace many very pleasant memories. On May 27, the Juniors went to Squirrel Island, the Sophomores to Lake Maranocook, and the Freshmen to No Name Pond. June 3, the Seniors started for Squirrel Island in the rain, and landed at New Meadows Inn. Each class claims the best time.

Honors in the Senior Class were awarded as follows: General Scholarship, William Lewis Parsons, Percy Harold Blake, John Ernest Barr, Frank Clifford Stockwell, Miss Monica Louise Norton, Miss Marion Ethel Mitchell, Miss Maud Lillian Thurston, Miss Elizabeth Sarah Perkins. Special Honors: Philosophy, Albert T. Kilburne, Baldwin; Miss Marion Dinant Ames. Ancient Languages: Oren Merton Holman, Miss Mary Eleanor Walton. Modern Languages: Meredith Gilbert Williams, Miss Mary Evelyn Gould. English and Elocution: Elijah Day Cole, Miss Mary Alice Lincoln. Mathematics and Physics: Thomas Spooner, Miss Bertha Celestia Files. Chemistry and Biology: George Gordon Sampson, Miss Mary Elizabeth Bartlett.

N. E. I. P. A.

The annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Copley Square Hotel, Boston, May 22.Several colleges were represented at the meeting. The Bates Student was represented by Cummings, Bradley and Bonney. The time was spent in listening to papers on topics of interest and in discussion of these papers and subjects. In the evening a banquet was held at the hotel.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

There are 426 colleges and universities and 175,000 college students in the United States.

Commencement week at Bowdoin began June 18.

At the Intercollegiate Gymnasium Meet held at Princeton on March 31, Columbia won with 19 points. Yale was second with 18, and Princeton third with 14.

The college of the City of New York has decided to hold a celebration on May 7 of each year. This is the date of the granting of the charter to the college by the State in 1847.

Seven Chinese government students have recently arrived from Shanghai and will carry on their studies at the University of California.

Commander Robert E. Peary, Bowdoin, '77, recently lectured before his *Alma Mater* on his Arctic trip to be begun this July.

The Senior Class at Cornell is proposing to endow as a class memorial, a fund for the maintenance of at least one athlete.

Seventeen young men from the Argentine Republic recently arrived in this country to enter American colleges. Ten went to Cornell, three to Columbia, two to Wisconsin, and one to Canadian University.

Hereafter the women of Chicago University who take first place in any athletic meet or make a place on any first team will be rewarded with pins bearing the letter "C."

Ohio State has the largest graduating class in the history of the University, there being 210 members.

After this year the custom of having graduation theses will be abolished at Columbia.

President Eliot of Harvard says that two weeks' vacation in the summer is enough for any student.

Oberlin College has now an "assistant president" whose business it is to look entirely after the money raising necessary for the institution.

The musical associations have formed an alliance to be known as the University of Maine Musical Federation. The different clubs are to be distinctive as formerly, each controlled by its own manager, but these in turn will be under the general head of the association.

Tufts College, in its semi-centennial number of the *Tuftonian,* gives a history of the college as a whole, together with articles on debating, journalism, the alumni, and athletics as they have been developed by the college.

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Professor of Apologetics and Pastoral Theology.

REV. ALFRED W. ANTHONY, A.M., SECRETARY,
Fullonton Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Criticism.

REV. HERBERT R. PURINTON, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation.

REV. A. T. SALLEY, D.D.,
Instructor in Church History.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

Certificates of attainment will be granted to those who complete the course.

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JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

WM. H. HARTSHORN, A.M., LITT.D.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

A. N. LEONARD, PH.D.,
Professor of German.

ARTHUR C. CLARK, B.S., PH.D.,
Professor in Physics.

CECIL F. LAVELL, A.M.,
Knowlton Professor of History and Economics.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

CAROLINE E. LIBBY, A.M.,
Professor of Romance Languages.

FRED A. KNAPP, A.M.,
Professor of Latin.

FRED E. POMEROY, A.M.,
Instructor in Biology.

W. E. McNEILL, A.B.,
Instructor in English.

JOSEPH C. SWEENEY, A.B.,
Assistant in Physical Laboratory.

EARL C. LANE, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

PERCY H. BLAKE,
Assistant in Latin.

CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, A.M.,
Librarian.

WM. W. BOLSTER, JR., A.B.,
Director in Gymnasium.

BESSIE D. CHASE, A.B.,
Registrar.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Æneid; four books of Cæsar; seven orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; hree books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

The regula r examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednes day preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogug

Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses in that language by beginning the study of Greek and takiau wo years of prescribed work in that language.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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Wednesday, April 12.

UNION HAND LAUNDRY, 109 Middle St., Lewiston. L. N. Rich, Agt. Union HandLaundry, 32 Parker Hall